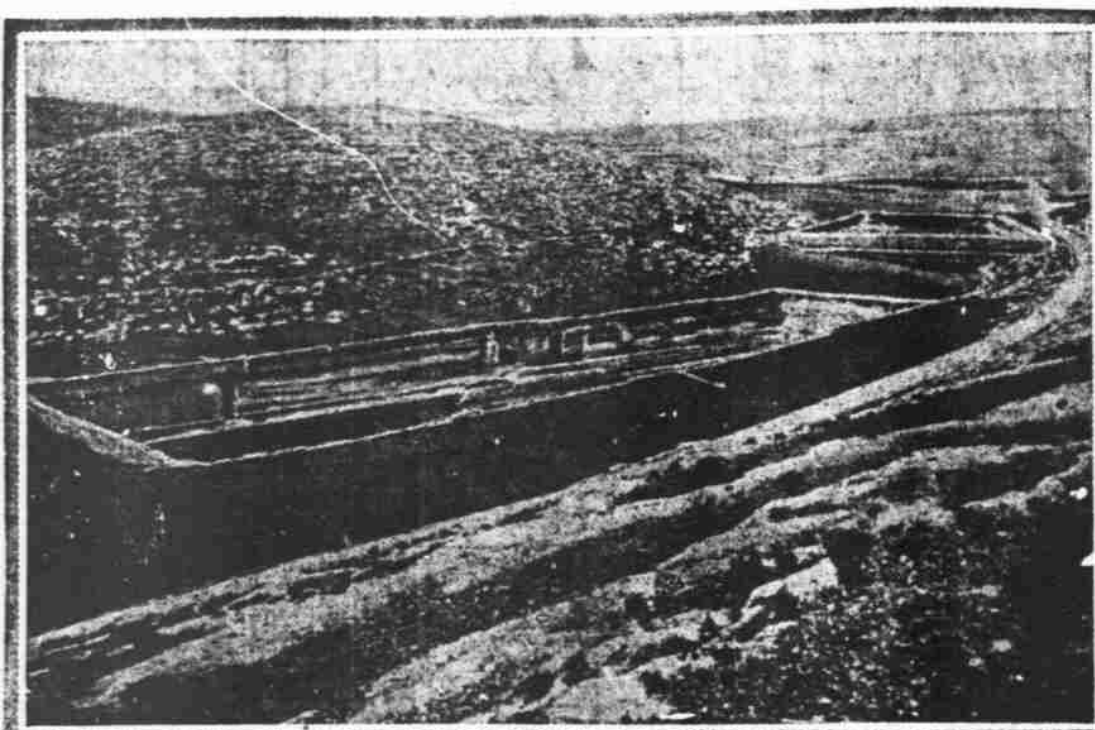


A Page of Interest to All.
ON the Magazine Page are represented: Virginia Terhune Van de Water, Mary Ellen Sigsbee, David Cory, Garrett P. Serviss, Loretto C. Lynch, Arthur B. Reeve and Beatrice Fairfax, all stars in their particular lines. Read this page every day; it is alive, unique, compelling, varied.

The Key to a Restored Jerusalem

It Lies in the Reconstruction of the Ancient City's Water System



A View of the Pools of Solomon Outside the City of David from a Recent Photograph.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

THE Jewish engineers who constructed the great "pools of Solomon," and the system of aqueducts that brought water to the city of Jerusalem, performed an admirable work which has fallen into decay through neglect, but which may be reconstructed after the war is over. Few things would do more to brighten Jerusalem than the restoration of its ancient water supply. At present the Pool of Siloam, like the Fountain of the Virgin, is contaminated. The remains of Solomon's Pools are a few miles from Jerusalem, on the high ridge that runs southward with a westerly trend. They derived their water from springs, the chief of which is that of Ain Saleh. There are three "pools," or reservoirs, situated on a slope, the elevation of each being about twenty feet above the level of the next below. Formerly they were connected with two aqueducts carrying the water to the city. The uppermost of these aqueducts, which is

What Kin' of a House-keeper Are You? Read Loretto Lynch's Article

Magazine Page

The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

Milton Contrives to Get a Word from the Girl He and Stewart Have Been Admiring

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER IV.
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GERALD STEWART had dismissed the matter of his friend's love affair from his mind, but it occurred to him soon after leaving the dining-room. The two men were standing together in the hotel lobby when a low exclamation from Milton Van Saun made his companion turn around. "Great Scott!" Van Saun muttered. "That's a stunner all right!" He was looking at a girl who had walked to the desk and asked a question of the clerk. Stewart recognized her at once as the young woman of whom he had spoken in the dining-room a little while ago. "That's the person I called your attention to, Van," Gerald reminded him. "I said she was the sort to dance well, and your only comment was that she had a figure something like Miss Livingstone's." "Well, she has," Van Saun replied. "But I did not see her face until now. I say, old man, I wish we knew who she is." "She's dressed in mourning—perhaps she's a widow," Gerald suggested. "Nonsense," his companion scoffed at the idea. "All women in mourning aren't widows, are they? And that girl's too young to have had a husband. There are lots of other relatives that one may lose besides a husband. Why, that girl's not twenty, I bet." "I decline to take you up on that," Gerald Stewart laughed. "Where are you going?" For his companion had started to walk away. "Let's wander over and get a nearer view," Milton proposed. The pair strolled slowly, and with apparent indifference, toward the desk. As they drew near the girl received a letter from the clerk, and, turning abruptly, came slowly across the office, her eyes fixed on the envelope she held. With a sudden decision, Milton Van Saun stepped in front of her, and so quickly that the girl, starting violently to avoid running into him, dropped the letter. Before she could pick it up Milton Van Saun had lifted it from the floor, and, with a bow, held it out to her. "Oh, thank you," Cynthia Long murmured, smiling her acknowledgments. Then as she saw the gleam of admiration in the blue eyes gazing down into hers, she hurried away without another glance.

By George, what a smile! I say, Stewart, the girl's a stunner!" "So you remarked before," his companion rejoined dryly. "I agree with you that she's a sweet-looking girl, and evidently a lady. But I cannot say that I have ever her as you do—the chap who, by the way, remarked not long since that you are not one of the gushing sort." "And I'm not," Van Saun insisted. "Only when one sees a girl like that one can but express admiration. I say, let's find out who she is. Let's take a squint at the register." "You can if you like," Stewart said. "I'm going into the smoking room. You can meet me there after you've satisfied your curiosity." Five minutes later Milton Van Saun rejoined his friend. "I found her name registered in a big, masculine hand," he announced. "Probably her father wrote it. She's a Miss Long, of Lake Forest. That's a fashionable place near here, isn't it?" "Yes, a suburb of Chicago." "Well, if her father's here, why didn't he register? And I don't see why she's stopping at a hotel if she has a home so near. I asked the clerk who she was before looking for her name in the register. But he's an uncommunicative old owl." His companion laughed derisively. "Well, you are hard hit!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what Miss Dora would say if she knew how you've worked to find out the name and pedigree of a fair stranger whom you never saw before and whom you will probably never see again." "Dora wouldn't mind," Milton asserted, confidently. "She's not that kind. She's no more silly about such matters than I am. That's one reason we get along so well together. Now, let's look in at some show for a while. What do you say?"

Too Late for the Theatre.
"All right. But it's too late for any theatre. We might take in some musical show or something of that sort." At this point, further discussion of Miss Dora Livingstone or of Miss Cynthia Long was dropped for the time. But late that night, when the two parted at the door of the hotel—Milton Van Saun to go to his room here, Gerald to his bachelor quarters a few blocks away—the Van Sauns remained a moment, as if he hoped was a casual manner. "Do you know, there was something about that girl—that Miss Long you know whom we saw tonight—that I can't get out of my mind. She did not look like her—yet there was something that did remind me of her. I guess there's about the same size." "You're a sentimental fellow," Stewart teased. "Well, it's too bad you're going back to New York in a few days. Perhaps you would like me to tarry here longer, packing and moving from my bachelor quarters—and enlist your help? Then you might take a run out to Lake Forest sometime when the girl and her father get back here and pretend to be a book agent or something of that kind and thus make the fair one's acquaintance. You're an ass, Van." "You're another," Van Saun laughed. "Good-night!" And with a handclasp and a nod, the friends parted for the night.

The Appetizing Griddle Cake

By Loretto C. Lynch,
Instructor Special War Cookery
New York Evening High School
for Women.

"I seemed so easy," said a young housekeeper to me the other day. "I thought it no trouble at all—until I had tried it myself. I watched the white-capped man in the window of the restaurant for a half hour as he 'flipped' the cakes, but mine—oh, mine were awful!" In the first place, you must provide yourself with a griddle. There are several varieties on the market. A heavy iron griddle is the least expensive. Then there is the alumi-

num griddle and the soapstone griddle. Some varieties of aluminum griddles do not have to be greased. A soapstone griddle requires no greasing. A pancake turner or spatula will also be needed. There are some general directions I should like understood before giving the recipe. A griddle cake mixture is classed as a pour batter. It must pour easily. Since the thickening powers of flour differ considerably, it is sometimes necessary to add more moisture than the particular recipe calls for in order to attain a thin, easy to pour batter. The large amount of moisture in

had been accustomed to the truth from the first. Had it been occasionally mentioned in front of her from her infancy as a matter of merely casual importance the child would have known no shock of surprise and would have accepted this fact along with the many other conditions of life. Although it is too late now for these particular parents to do ought else but tell their little girl this belated truth, it is a point which the parents of other adopted children should carefully take into consideration. I remember reading a story about an adopted child when I was a growing girl and it made a great impression on me. A small boy, who was an adopted son, had been twitted with the fact by his playmates. He sturdily denied that it

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Self-Education.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I read some time ago in your column about a girl who hesitated to go about with a young man, fearing he was too educated and would be ashamed of her, and you answered that if she is really ambitious she can educate herself by reading good books and the higher class magazines and by attending various lectures and concerts. Now, what I would like to ask you is this—to mention some of the good books, as I also feel the man who wishes to call to see me is of the same type mentioned in your column. K. S.

ANYONE who wishes to educate herself can do a great deal toward it and her own government will help her do it. Write to the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., giving your name, Post Office address, age and a brief statement of your education and occupation. The United States Government will do the rest. It issues a list of twenty-two books, some of them standard novels, some poems, some plays; it adds thereto the life history of one or two prominent women and a history of the English people, with these six books at the end of the list. "Some Silent Teachers," by Elizabeth Harrison; "Society and Clothing," by C. W. Lattimore; "Management," both by Kinne and Cooley; "The Furnishing of a Modest House," by E. H. Daniels; "Girl and Woman," by C. W. Lattimore; "What Can Literature Do for Me?" by C. Alphonse Smith. As for the higher class magazines,

go into any reliable book or stationery store and tell them that you want magazines which give critical reviews of books, of art or of music, and those which furnish a resume of current events, etc. Lectures and concerts are advertised in the daily papers. There are courses open to you at the various universities in this city. If you want an education, my dear girl, you must make a little honest effort to get it. Don't sit back and expect to have it served up to you on a silver service. R. R.

May and October.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am 21, and deeply in love with a man 45. My parents object to my going out with him because they think he is too old, and say I will never love him. Miss Fairfax, do you think this difference in ages could not end in love? It is my reply that my parents are waiting to see. A whole generation apart. You are at the threshold of life and youth and he is a mature man—probably as old as your father. Naturally your tastes and inclinations are different. It is perfectly possible for a happy marriage to come in spite of this, but fifteen years from now, when you are thirty-five still a young woman—he will be sixty, and when you are just his present age he will have reached old age—man's allotted span? I think a marriage like this has a great many attendant risks, but in spite of them love is possible, and love "conquers all things."

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.
One cup cooked rice, 1 1/2 cups hot milk, 3 tablespoons fat, 2 eggs, 4 cup flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Add the rice to the milk and then follow the general direction. Other cooked cereals may be substituted for rice. One and one-half cups of stale bread crumbs may be used instead of the rice. The crumbs should be soaked in the milk.

CORNMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.
Two cups flour, 1/2 cup cornmeal, 1 1/2 tablespoons baking powder, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/4 cup milk, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons melted fat. Add meal to boiling water and boil five minutes, turn into a bowl. Add the other ingredients.

RYE GRIDDLE CAKES.
Half cup rye flour, 2 cups wheat flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons baking soda, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 egg.

The Hidden Hand

A SERIAL OF THRILL AND MYSTERY.

By Arthur B. Reeve.
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 9.
"Jets of Flame."
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CRASHING through the underbrush, up from the bottom of the canyon, Doris and Ramsey managed to gain the "river," which they had left with the driver when they came to the cabin. They were away in a moment, fearful of pursuit. But the Hidden Hand had another plan. With his gang he hurried to the car in which the gang and Verda had arrived and they, too, were away for the railroad station. They arrived first and hurriedly planned with his emissaries. When, several moments later, Doris and Ramsey arrived, and the train at last pulled in, the Hidden Hand was ready. Doris had scarcely boarded the train when Ramsey behind her, was seized and dragged back. At the same time, the signal was given to the engineer to proceed. And as Ramsey struggled to get free, the train rolled out, carrying Doris. When Ramsey picked himself up from the platform where he had been thrown, he started after the train, but it was too late. On the train Doris had seen just enough to convince her that it was the work of the Hidden Hand. Instinctively she knew that the plan was to separate her from Ramsey; that the criminal or some of his men must be aboard the train. She looked about in terror. She could not leap off now. Before her was

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the formation of the famous British and Spanish alliance against Napoleon. The English armies, under the command of the Iron Duke, operating in Spain, slowly but surely brought about the defeat of the great Corsican, whose final downfall came at Waterloo in 1814.

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

The Adopted Baby

Foster Parents Should Tell the Child the Truth About Their Coming Into the Home



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THE other day some one told me of a family, whose much-loved little adopted daughter, although now a girl of fifteen, was the only one among their circle of intimates who did not know of her adoption, but believed herself to be the flesh and blood child of her parents. These foster parents, although preferring that the girl should never know otherwise, feared that she would learn the truth from others and had resolved to tell her all about it on the day of her graduation from school. Such a situation is unfortunate, and these loving parents would have been wiser if this little girl

DRACULA or The Vampire

By Bram Stoker

One of the Most Thrilling Novels of the Age—Love, Mystery, Intrigue, Adventure, Mingled In a Gripping Serial. Read it in THE TIMES Every Day.

D. H. SEWARD and Mr. Morris have half a dozen good horses, well appointed. We have all the maps and appliances of various kinds that can be had. Van Helsing and I are to leave by the 11:40 train tonight for Veretz, where we are to get a carriage to drive to the Borgo Pass. We are bringing a good deal of ready money, as we are to buy a carriage and horses. We shall drive ourselves, for we have no one whom we can trust in the matter. The professor knows something of a great many languages, so we shall get on all right. We have all got arms, even for me a large bow (revolver), Jonathan would not be happy unless I was armed like the rest. Alas! I cannot carry one arm that the rest do, the scar on my forehead forbids that. Dear Mr. Van Helsing confirms me by telling me that I am fully armed as there may be wolves; the weather is getting colder every hour, and there are snow-flurries which come and go as warnings. Later, it took all my courage to get out of my dressing room. The professor is looking at my knee; his look is a warning. There must be no tears, unless I can find a way that will let them fall in gladness. Jonathan, Harker's Journal. October 3rd. Night. I am writing this in the light from the furnace door of the steam launch, Lord Godalming is sitting up. EXPERIENCED HAND ON STEAM LAUNCH. He is an experienced hand at the wheel, as he has had for years a launch of his own on the Thames, and another on the Norfolk Broads. Regarding our plans, we finally decided that Mina's guess was correct, and that if any waterway was chosen for the Count's escape back to his castle, the Severn, and then the Humber, at its junction would be the one. We took it that somewhere about the fifth degree north latitude would be the place chosen for the Count's escape, and the river and the country between the river and the Carpathians. We have no fear in running at